

FEARFUL THIRTEENTH ISSUE!

NOT  
FOR THE  
NERVOUS!

# SCREAM!

THE  
THIRTEENTH  
FLOOR

AAARGH!

Only \$2.99  
100% Horror  
22p

...UNLUCKY FOR SOME!

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# FROM THE DEPTHS

"OH, A DEATH ON THE OCEAN WAVES. Greetings, mortals... there's a decidedly wincey feel to issue 13 - my favorite number, by the way. Beginning this week is a *franchise*, 4 - part poster for you to assemble, featuring the terrors of the ocean depths. Part 1 is on this issue's back cover. In addition, Max is up to some 'wet' tricks on the Thirteenth Floor, and our Library of Death story is part 1 of a two-part chiller, "Sea Beasts!" Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water...

GHOSTBY MCNASTY

SCREAM,  
THE DEPTHS,  
KING'S REACH  
TOWER,  
STAMFORD STREET,  
LONDON SE1 9LS.

## GRISLY GALLERY

NARBEVAN  
ADORNAL, from  
Scream, has sent others  
an eye-searing  
scene with this highly  
dangerous marking  
etched by a watercolor

▲ This hideous looking  
creature comes from  
SEAN SHAW, who  
lives in Maryland.  
GREAT! For Sean's  
work, I hope there's not  
where the creature lives!

I'm having to get my art ghoul to draw even creepier monsters, as some of your Grisly Gallery drawings are making theirs! Here is another selection of your diabolical drawings... their senders each win £5.

If you'd like to try and win £5, send your creepy drawing to the usual address and mark your entry 'Grisly Gallery'.

## SINISTER SILHOUETTES!

Pictured here, in silhouette form, are three characters from SCREAM... can you identify them? If you can't, I recommend an intense re-read of all your issues of SCREAM! The answers are at the foot of this page.



WEEZIE C  
DROWGLA  
A THE LEMME

## MCNASTY MAIL

Did you know that we call our postman 'The Hunchback of King's Reach'? He hasn't always had that nickname, though - only since he's had to carry all your sackfuls of post down to The Depths! Here's another selection... each sender wins £5.

Dear Ghosty,  
Could you print the story of what happened to you to make you so inhuman and horrible looking?

Michelle Alexander, Dundee.

I doubt anyone's names could stand the shock if they heard my awesome origin. Maybe it'll come on TV some day... on 'This is your Death'.

Gory Greetings, Ghosty,

I'd just like to say that SCREAM is the best comic around. I sit on the edge of my seat every Monday, waiting for it to arrive, and I'm even nearer the edge when I read it. Eric Bradbury's artwork on Grayscale is great. I am also very pleased with my free 6-part poster, but can you tell me who did the artwork for that?

Martin Macawley, Middlesbrough.

That poster of 6-part posters was drawn by a surface-dwelling art-ghoul of mine, called Oliver Frey. I'm certain you'll find the current 6-part poster is up to the same shocking standard. (And did you fall off the edge of your seat when you saw your name in SCREAM?)

Dear Ghosty,  
Did you play the part of a Zombie in the 'Thriller' video?

Paul Hutton, Muncaster, Cumbria.

Don't be ridiculous! Those zombies were much too good looking!

THE SHOCK! HUNT FOR THE PARENTS OF RICK AND  
BETH DODGEM HAD DIED WHILE INVESTIGATING  
THE MYSTERY OF DODGEM'S MURDER. A HOUSE  
WHICH SEEMED POSSESSED BY AN EVIL ENERGY  
NOW, WITH THE HELP OF BOTH'S UNCOMMON  
POWERS, THE DODGEM WERE TRYING  
TO UNLOCK THE MALEVOLENT HEART OF THE  
HOUSE.

# The NIGHTTOONERS



"THIS CAN'T BE THE  
ROOM WE'RE LOOKING  
FOR, RICK - THERE'S  
NOTHING IN HERE BUT  
WEIRD THINGS."



"WACK! WHAT THE-?"



"RICK!"

"DODGEM'S HANDS  
TRYING TO STRANGLE  
ME!"



"I CAN'T  
PULL IT OFF -  
GRIP'S GETTING  
TIGHTER!"

"THE HAND MAJOR  
IS APPROXIMATELY  
BY THE EVIL  
ENERGY OF THE  
HOUSE. YOU'VE  
ONLY ONE CHANCE."



"THE AMULET OF  
ANENT IN THE FORM  
OF LIGHT AND LIFE...  
I SEE YOU!"

"AAAA-RALLON!"

"THE ANENT WAS THE  
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN  
S-WORD FOR LIFE."

AND AGAINST ITS POWER, THE HAND COULD NOT COMPETE.



IT - IT'S  
LET GO!

WITH A CRY OF DISGUST AND LOATHING, RICK HULLED THE HAND TO THE FLOOR!



IT'S STILL  
MOVING, RICK!  
COMING AFTER  
YOU!



NO...

NOO...!

NOOOO!



RICK, THAT'S  
ENOUGH!



IT COULD'VE  
HAVE BEEN ALIVE,  
SETH. IT WAS  
SOME KIND OF  
ILLUSION, WASN'T  
IT?



NO, RICK! YOU'VE  
GOT TO BELIEVE  
THAT THE HOUSE IS  
TRYING TO DESTROY  
US! IT SAYS WE'RE  
GETTING CLOSE TO  
THE SPOT FROM  
WHICH ITS EVIL IS  
GENERATED!



ALL RIGHT - LET'S FIND  
IT! I'VE BEEN AROUND  
OF CHASING AROUND  
AFTER SHADOWS!

RICK, BE  
CAREFUL





In seven days: At the mercy of RAVEN'S WRATH!

A GLOOMY, SUMMER'S DAY, ON A BEACH IN AUSTRALIA...

A DAY TO SWIM IN OCEAN, WARM WATERS. OR SWIM BATHS ON BEACH SANDS...

NOT A GOOD DAY TO DIE!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR NEWS DRIVER ROGER PEARCE... IT WAS HIS DAY TO DIE!

ALTHOUGH ROGER PEARCE HAD THE BEST INTENTIONS, TODAY HE WOULD BRING DEATH TO THOSE "SAFE" NOTES...

DEATH THAT WAS HEAVILY PACKAGED - AND READY FOR DELIVERY!

IF ONLY I CAN MAKE IT TO THE SEA!

# SEA BEAST!

**SCREEN**  
SCRIPT: BARRY FURMAN  
ART: S. WARDHOUSE  
LETTERING: ALA BOYS

HEY, HE CAN'T DRIVE ON THE BEACH!

part 1

FOR A MOMENT, ALL WAS  
STILL...

IT WAS THE LULL  
BEFORE THE  
STORM!

A FEW SECONDS  
LATER...

LATER THAT DAY...

AT LEAST THE DEVEDS  
SACRIFICE WON'T BE USELESS.  
BY DISAPPEARING, THEY WILL  
BE ABLE TO CHANGE  
THE EQUATION...

FOR THE  
TIME BEING  
AT LEAST!

ANGER  
NO ENTRY

FOR THE TIME  
BEING, PROFESSOR  
BORG, YOU'RE ONE OF  
THIS COUNTRY'S LEADING  
EXPERTS ON RADIATION. YOU  
KNOW SOMETHING HAS GOT  
TO BE DONE ABOUT THE  
RADIATION BEFORE IT  
SPREADS!

I ASSURE YOU,  
RESPECTIVE COM, MY  
TEAM OF EXPERTS  
ARE WORKING ON A  
NEUTRALIZING AGENT  
AT THIS MOMENT...  
I JUST WISH THERE  
WAS TIME!

LAST NIGHT...

THINK THIS CAN  
KEEP OLD JACK  
OFF HIS BEACH.  
DO THEY?

DANGER, THEY  
SAY. NO, I'VE BEEN  
COMING HERE TWENTY  
YEARS OR MORE...  
THERE'S NOTHING  
DANGEROUS  
HERE.

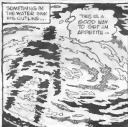
NO ENTRY  
KEEP BEACH  
CLEAR

NOTHING DANGEROUS?





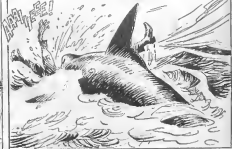
SOME WAY ALONG THE  
BEACH, AT A LUXURY  
HOTEL ...





**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT:  
IAN HOLLAND  
ART:  
ORTIZ  
LETTERING:  
M. PETERS

4405 NAME WAS **BULLOCK**, A  
CALIFORNIA HOUSING OFFICER WHO  
WAS SO NASTY TO THE POOR  
**ROPER** FAMILY. ADRIAT AT SEA,  
HE WAS SEARCHING FOR THE SAFETY  
OF AN ISLAND TO CREATE --







++ A JUST COMPUTER KNOWS THE  
MEANING OF MEREY, AND BULLDOG  
HAD SEEN SENSE, SO I DECIDED IT  
WAS TIME TO RETURN HIM TO THE  
REAL WORLD++



AND HE'S  
A VERY GOOD  
FRIEND OF  
MINE!





MURDER MOST FOUL...  
THAT'S WHAT BULLY TELLING  
YE ABOUT! NOW UNDERTAKER'S  
ASSISTANT BILLY MOORE  
KILLED AN 'ROBBER' YE  
EMPLOYER, THEN MADE  
READY TO ESCAPE ABOARD  
ON AN AMERICAN'S  
TWO-TONE LEAD-LINED  
COFFIN, AFTER STEALIN'  
THE SCOFFER IN ANOTHER  
BOX!

# TALES FROM THE GRAVE

**"The ESCAPE"**

**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT: S. GOODALL  
ART: J. WILSON  
LETTERING: P. KNIGHT



ALL ARE WELL  
WARNING PERFECTLY—  
AH, I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!  
THIS MUST BE THE MOMENT  
I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR!

NO SIGN OF  
THE UNDERTAKER,  
WHICH MEANS  
HE'S SUPPOSED  
TO MOVE!



THIS ISN'T A COFFIN  
OF THE NAME O' JONATHAN  
HARRY! AMERICAN SLEEP-  
OWNER, HE WERE OBL TO  
BE SENT BACK ACROSS  
THE ATLANTIC FOR  
BURIAL!

ARE ALL TRUE  
EXCEPT FOR ONE  
THING—TIS NOT THE  
COFFIN O' JONATHAN  
HARRY THAT'LL BE  
SEILIN' ACROSS  
THE SEA...



...T'WILL BE ME!  
BILLY MOORE! A RICH  
MAN NOW, THANKS TO  
ME LITTLE BIT O'  
MURDER!



BULLY'S EMPLOYER LAY MOORE  
BILLY LEFT HIM—CLIMBED AND  
DROPPED IN HIS OWN GET-INVOLVED  
GUTTER!



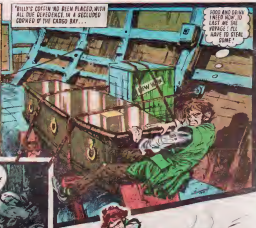


"NEXT EVENING WOULD THE PROUD  
VANISH CLIMBER 'SADAM ROSE'...

AT LAST I CAN FEEL  
MOVEMENT! WE'VE  
FOUND HIM! TIME FOR  
A SPOT OF ESPIONAGE!

"BILLY'S COFFIN HAD BEEN PLACED, WITH  
ALL DUE DEFERENCE, IN A SECLUDED  
CORNER OF THE CARGO BAY...

FOOD AND DRINK  
WENT HIGH. SO  
LAST WE SEE  
VORAGE! I'LL  
HAVE TO STEAL  
SOME!



"BUT IN THE SHIP'S GALLEY YOUNG  
WAS A MAN WHO WAS A SPOT OF BETTER!"

WHAT WOULD  
YOU BE  
DOING, LOST?  
AM I NOT THE  
DEVIL AND  
THE?

CURSE IT!  
I CAN'T RISK  
DISCOVERY  
NOW! I'LL  
HAVE TO  
SILENCE  
THE BAY!



PERMANENTLY!

ARCHHH



NOW INTO THE SEA WITH  
HIM! HE WAS DISAPPEARED  
CAN'T FIND HIM, THEY'LL  
THINK HE'S FALLEN  
OVERBOARD - WHICH  
HE WAS! BAH BAH  
HAH!



"BILLY SCUTTLED BACK TO  
THE CARGO BAY AND STAYED  
OUT OF SIGHT... EATING  
AND DRINKING HIS FILL."

A MURDER  
WEAPON AND  
NOW A WEAPON!  
THIS VORAGE  
OF MEAT WAS  
STAYED ME  
WELL!

"AFT, ON THE MORNING OF THE FIFTH DAY..."

"TOOTHSTERS GOING  
THIS WAY? TO BETTER  
GET BACK INSIDE  
THE COFFIN!"

"ONCE INSIDE, REEF CLOSED  
THE SECRET FLAP. THEN HE  
HELP THE COFFIN BEING  
LIFTED..."

"HE PROBABLY BEING  
MOVED TO DIFFERENT  
QUARTERS—PERHAPS  
A PRIVATE CROWN UP  
FORWARD!"

"BUT THEY WERE ONLY IN  
FOR A SHORT JOURNEY..."

"BUT, ALL TOO LATE, AS THE COFFIN  
SLID FORWARD, THE JAW  
REFLECTED HIS UNLUCKY  
MISTAKE..."

"NO... WE'VE  
STOPPED ON DECK.  
NO... AND WHAT?  
THAT WOULD BE  
ON ABOUT SIX THERE."

"IT'S—IT'S A  
SEA BURIAL  
ON NERVOUS!"

"ARE—THAT WOULD BE THE WILL TO BE  
BURIED IN AMERICAN WATERS,  
NOT AMERICAN COIL."

"YOUNG MATE 'AD  
EST-PEP, ZURE ENOUGH—  
BUT DIED TO A WATERY  
GRAVE!"

"BUT HE WAS COFFIN IN THE SEA BED,  
IT' OLD BULLY HADN'T COOPER INSIDE!"



Next tale: The man called  
'Doctor DEATH'!



## UNLUCKY FOR SOME



WANT TO SEE MY PHOTOGRAPH  
ALRIGHT IT'S GOT THIRTEEN PICTURES  
IN IT—ONE FOR EVERY YEAR I'VE BEEN  
ALIVE...



AND THIS IS WHEN I BOLE TWO ME I DEVELOPE  
ALSOON BINK, HAVE 17 BUT THINGS AGE 8  
LITTLE BETTER, NOW..



FOOTBALL AT FIVE AND I WAS QUITE GOOD, EVEN  
THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF. 'COURSE, I GET MY KICKS  
A DIFFERENT WAY NOW.



WE NEED THREE  
PAND BECOMING  
TO FIND MY LEGS  
WIND YOU YOU  
SHOULD SEE ME  
MOVE, NOW IN  
MUCH BIGGER...



AT FOUR, HE LIFTED  
IN AT THREE AND A  
HALF STONE, BEING  
THAT, YOU'D NEVER  
GUESS HE WAS THE  
STRONGEST THIRTIEN  
YEAR-OLD YOU EVER  
HEARD OF.

WENT'S HE FLOWING OUT THE BATHROOM CLOSET,  
AND MAKING A WASH TUB TO CATCH UP TO BE  
BIG AND STRONG THAT CERTAINLY GAVE TELL



CALL ME SOMETHING PRETTY BECAUSE I BELONGED  
TO ME BETWEEN SIX AND SEVEN...

1990-1991

THAT'S WHEN I WAS ATTACKED! I WAS IN BED FOR MONTHS—MOST OF MY SEVENTH YEAR IN FACT.



EIGHT WHEN I'A GOOD YEAR EITHER STILL, THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST, NOW I'AM THIRTEEN.



NINE I SUITED UP AND I HAD TO GO BACK! HARDLY ANYONE WOULD HAVE MOST OF THE TIME.



AND THEN WAS JUST CREEPY! THAT'S WHEN I HAD ALL THE TROUBLE WITH THE DOCTORS THEY TOOK ME AWAY TO A SPECIAL CLINIC BECAUSE THEY SAID I WAS GOING TO BE FULLY DEVELOPED BY THE TIME I WAS THIRTEEN...



THEY ON THIRTEEN IS UNLUCKY FOR SOME, AND I THINK THAT'S TRUE.

ANYWAY, ELEVEN CERTAINLY WASN'T LUCKY, I SPENT THAT YEAR IN HELL—WATCH & WAIT! I HAVEN'T GOT A PHOTO OF ME AGED ELEVEN.

**MINISTRY OF DEFENCE  
KEEP OUT**

AND THAT WAS THE ONLY PICTURE I COULD FIND OF ME WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN. SORRY IT'S ONLY AN X-RAY I'VE GONE A LONG WAY TO GET YOU THANKS. I CONSIDERED IT JUST BEFORE I BROKE OUT—THE DAY BEFORE MY THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.



SHAME—I WAS GROWING UP REALLY FAST BY THEN.



AND THIS IS THE LAST PICTURE DUNNY, IT'S THE LAST PICTURE THE PHOTOGRAPHER EVER TOOK AS WELL—IT'S ME, ON MY THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

YEP—THIRTEEN CAN DEFINITELY BE UNLUCKY FOR SOME... IT'S UNLUCKY FOR ANYONE WHO EVER MEETS ME!

**THE  
END**

# monster

YOUR HEAVY COBMAN AND HIS  
MONSTRIOUS UNCLE TERRY WERE  
ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE NOW,  
WITH WOUNDS AND EXHAUSTED, TERRY SOUGHT HELP  
AT A REMOTE SCOTTISH HOUSE ...  
AND WALKED INTO TWO VIOLENCE,  
SHARING GUARD DOGS!

WARRIOR  
YOUR  
WARRANT?

CRASH!  
MURDER!



BAD THING!  
TERR HORROR  
YOU!

THE SECOND COBMAN CAUGHT  
UNDER TERRY'S OFF BALANCE ...

THEY BOTH  
DEATHS WERE  
ON HIM!

STOP! STOP!  
TERRY SA  
BUT HIM TO  
HIDES!



WARRIOR!

SUDDENLY!

SURE!  
ANGER!  
CRASH!

SHARING, THE DOGS  
BACKED OFF ...

BAD THINGHOES  
KONNIE! WARR  
THEY?

THEY ALL DOGS  
UNCLE TERRY!  
NOW SO QUIET,  
LET ME OF  
THE TALKING!



**SCREAM**  
SCRIPT:  
ALICE CLARK  
ART:  
REDONDO  
LETTERS:  
P. ROSS



YOU THERE!  
WHAT'S YOUR  
BUSINESS  
HERE?

MY NAME'S NENNY COSMAN.  
MY UNCLE TERRY AND I ARE  
ON OUR WAY TO EDINBURGH.  
WE WERE WONDERING IF  
WE COULD GET A BITE TO  
EAT. WE CAN PAY - I'VE GOT  
MONEY.



OGH, YOU'RE JUST A BOY! COME  
AWAY IN - AND DON'T WASTE MY  
MONEY. I'LL GET YOU SOMETHING  
TO EAT!



NENNY -  
WHY? WE  
HODD A LOT  
OF MONEY?

DON'T EVEN THINK OF  
UNCLE! NOW KEEP QUIET  
SHE'S BLIND - SHE CAN'T  
SEE. SHE DOESN'T  
KNOW ABOUT YOU!



YOUR UNCLE  
DOESN'T HAVE  
MUCH TO EAT  
FOR HIMSELF,  
NENNY.

EE... WE'VE NOT  
WELL, MRS. MCCONE.  
THAT'S WHY WE'RE  
GOING TO EDINBURGH -  
THERE'S A GOOD  
RESTAURANT THERE WHO MIGHT  
BE ABLE TO MAKE  
SOMETHING BETTER.



FOO BOOOO!  
TERRA MANT  
MORE!

JUST HELP  
YOURSELF,  
MR. COSMAN!



IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE ILLNESS HAS  
AFFECTED HIS APPETITE! I'VE JUST RUN  
THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN AND SET YOU  
SOME MORE FOOD. YOU TUCK IN,  
YOU, NENNY!



OGH! WE'RE  
BRAIN FULLEN  
ON OUR FEET  
HERE, UNCLE  
TERRY! SHE  
DOESN'T KNOW  
WHO WE ARE!

WHAAD  
NENNY, WHO  
WE ARE?



WE ARE  
MR. TERRY!  
WHO?

ALL RIGHT, UNCLE -  
BUT YOU'D BETTER  
KEEP QUIET, OR  
YOU'LL SPOT  
EVERYTHING!

WELL - I'LL TAKE  
THAT AS MY  
ORDER OUT TO  
MRS. MCCONE!





DON'T RUN AWAY, LADIES.  
TURN HIM OVER TO THE  
POLICE. HE NEEDS HELP.

THAT'S WHY I'M  
TAKING HIM TO THE  
DOCTOR. IN CRIMINALITY,  
HE CAN MAKE UNCLE  
TOMMY WORRIED  
AGAIN!

YOU'RE WRONG, LADDER. THERE'S NOT A GODDAMN ALIVE WHO CAN MAKE THAT GO BETTER - NOT IN THE WAY YOU MEAN!'

40" NO! YOU'RE  
WRONG! THE DOCTOR  
CAN HELP. I KNOW  
HE CAN!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET  
THE POLICE TAKE ME  
UNDEAR AWAY AND LOCK  
ME UP LIKE AN  
ANIMAL.

WE'RE LEAVING, MRS  
McDOWNE. SLEEP YOUR  
DOGS AWAY - OR ILL NOT  
BE RESPONSIBLE FOR  
WHAT UNCLE TERRY  
DOES TO THEM!

WELSH, W. E. L.  
 English: English  
 October 1971

FEELING - BUT  
WE GOT TO KEEP GOING  
THE POLICE ARE  
FOLLOWING FROM  
BEHIND US!

OR IN FRONT OF THEM.

LOOK, LACHE- THAT ANTIROBE  
LEAVING SACROBITE? IT'S FROM  
THE LAGOON AND THE SANDWICH.

# FINCHAS and NEW-GUACOS





DRACULA, THE LEGENDARY VAMPIRE OF EASTERN EUROPE, HAD ARRIVED IN MODERN DAY LONDON. AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH COLONEL STANIS, A H&R OFFICER TURNED VAMPIRE HUNTER, DRACULA'S THOUGHTS TURNED TO ANOTHER VAMPIRE HUNTER OF MANY YEARS AGO...

I HAVE MET THEM TWICE BEFORE, AND AGAIN YARN ONCE I HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THEIR COURAGE AND RESILIENCE. FINEEEE

"IT WAS IN THE WINTER OF 1692: THE DOWNSFOLK OF URGOSTADT, TIRED OF LOSING THEIR POPULATION TO SARISEY MY HUNGER, HAD PICKED UP THE COURAGE TO ATTACK MY HOME..."

STORM THE CASTLE!

BURN IT TO THE GROUND!

**SCREEN**  
SCRIPT: BRIAN FORBANE  
ART: ERIC BRADSHAW  
LETTERING: J. ALDRICH

BUT OF THEM ALL, THE MEMORY OF THE MAN NAMED ALEXANDER GOSNIN IS THE ONE THAT BURNS MOST DEEPLY...

# THE DRACULA FILE

THERE, ON THE BALCONY... SOMETHING MOVES!

ARE YOU AFRAID TO SHOW YOURSELF, CREATURE?

YOU DARE CHALLENGE THE LORD OF THE VAMPIRES?

YOU PITIFUL SPECIMENS! YOUR LIVES ARE MINE TO SNATCH OUT AT WILL... LEAVE NOW, OR DIE!

MAKE YOUR CHOICE SWIFTLY, MY PATIENCE WITH YOU FEARSOME IS LIMITED!



HE'S RIGHT, I LET'S GO QUICKLY... WE CANNOT DEFEAT HIM!

NO! WE HAVE LOST MANY LOVED ONES TO THAT INHUMAN KILLER... WE MUST FIGHT BACK NOW! TONIGHT! BRING THE AXES...



READY MEN - WE'LL CUT OUR WAY THROUGH THESE DOORS!

I LOOK THEY'RE OPENING... BY THEMSELVES!



THE FOOLS ENTER... AND WHILE THEY ARE KEPT 'OCCUPIED', I SHALL LEAVE THROUGH THIS TUNNEL, ON MY BELOW MY CASTLE...



AND WHILE THE VILLAGERS BELIEVE I AM STILL IN THE CASTLE, THEY WILL HAVE NO CHANCE TO WORRY ABOUT THOSE THEY HAVE LEFT BEHIND...



... MAKING MY NIGHT'S HUNTING VERY SIMPLE!



WE'RE INSIDE THAT SINDR'S CASTLE...

AND BY WE'RE NOT ALONE - SOMETHING MOVED IN THOSE SHADOWS!



DIE!

AAARGH!



THAT - THAT THING! IT'S NOT GUSTAV!

LOOK... MORE OF THEM!



MEANWHILE...





A FEW HOURS LATER...



# Monsters of the Deep!

presented with

